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J. Clark sculp.

SPRING.

London, Printed for & Sold by J. Millan near Whitehall.

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THE
FOUR SEASONS,
AND OTHER
POEMS.

By JAMES THOMSON.

K



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. MILLAN, near *Scotland-Yard*, *White-*
hall; and A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*.

M. DCC. XXXV.

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POEMS.

W. JAMES THOMSON.

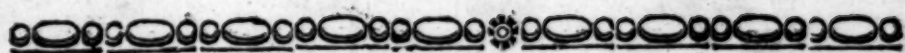


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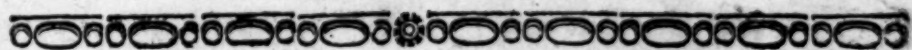
M. J. Thomson.



S P R I N G.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Countess of *Hertford.*



(Price 1 s. 6 d.)

S P R I N G



COINTEGRATION

(Price 1s. 6d.)

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1

S P R I N G.

A

P O E M.

By Mr. THOMSON.

*Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus. VIRG.*

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N.

Printed for A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan's Head*, over
against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.

M. DCC. XXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Inscribed to Lady HERTFORD. This Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher ; and mixed with Digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man ; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a purer and more reasonable kind.





S P R I N G.



OME, gentle SPRING, ÆTHEREAL

MILDNESS, come,

And from the bosom of yon dropping
cloud,

While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HERTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts, 5

With unaffected grace ; or walk the plain,

A 3

With

With INNOCENCE and MEDITATION join'd
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 That thy own Season paints; when NATURE all
 Is blooming, and benevolent like thee. 10

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale:
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform

Deform the day delightful; so that scarce
The Bittern knows the time, with bill ingulph
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The Plovers theirs, to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

A T last from A R I E S rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright B U L L receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of life, and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 31

F O R T H fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives

Relenting nature, and his lusty steers, 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plow
 Lies in the furrow loosen'd from the frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song, and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
 With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the Ground.

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious man
 Has done his due. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year! Nor, ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.

'Twas such as these the rural MARO sung, 55
 To the full ROMAN court, in all its height
 Of elegance and taste. The sacred plow
 Employ'd the kings and fathers of mankind,
 In antient times. And some, with whom compar'd
 You're but the beings of a summer's day, 60
 Have held the scale of justice, shook the lance
 Of mighty war, then with descending hand,
 Unus'd to little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plow, and greatly independant liv'd.

YE generous BRITONS, cultivate the plow! 65
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let AUTUMN spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the sea,
Far thro' his azure, turbulent extent,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores 70
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations cloath,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world. 75

NOR thro' the lenient air alone, this change
Delicious breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep darting to the dark retreat

Of

Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth, 80
In various hues, but chiefly thee, gay GREEN!
Thou smiling NATURE's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight!

FROM the moist meadow to the brown-brow'd
hill, 85

Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd, 90
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
While the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,

And

And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By NATURE's swift and secret-working hand, 95
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps, 100
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the lucid drops
From the bent bush, as thro' the fuming maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend 105
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country far diffus'd around
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower

Of

Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye
Travels from joy to joy, and hid beneath 110
The fair profusion, yellow AUTUMN spies.

IF brush'd from RUSSIAN wilds a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his foggy wings
The bitter mildew, or dry-blowing breathe
Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast, 115
The full-blown SPRING thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Into a smutty, wide-dejected waste.
For oft engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on Myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat 120
Thro' buds, and bark, into the blacken'd Core,
Their eager way. A feeble race ! scarce seen,
Save by the prying eye ; yet famine waits

On

On their corrosive course, and kills the year.
Sometimes o'er cities as they steer their flight, 125
Where rising vapour melts their wings away,
Gaz'd by th' astonish'd crowd, the horrid shower
Descends. And hence the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe 130
From every cranny suffocated falls ;
Or onions, steaming hot, beneath his trees
Exposes, fatal to the frosty tribe :
Nor, from their friendly task, the busy bill
Of little trooping birds instinctive scares. 135

THESE are not idle philosophick dreams,
Full NATURE swarms with life. Th' unfaithful fen
In putrid steams emits the livid cloud

Of

Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,
Where searching sun-beams never found a way, 140
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. The stone,
Hard as it is, in every winding pore
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
Which dance unnumber'd to th' inspiring breeze, 145
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent Insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 150
Each liquid too, whether of acid taste,
Potent, or mild, with various forms abounds.
Nor is the lucid stream, nor the pure air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy they seem,

Devoid

Devoid of theirs. Even animals subsist 155
 On animals, in infinite descent ;
 And all so fine adjusted, that the loss
 Of the least species would disturb the whole.
 Stranger than this th' inspective glass confirms
 And to the curious gives th' amazing scenes 160
 Of lessening life ; by WISDOM kindly hid
 From eye, and ear of man : for if at once
 The worlds in worlds enclos'd were push'd to light,
 Seen by his sharpen'd eye, and by his ear
 Intensely bended heard, from the choice cate, 165
 The freshest viands, and the brightest wines,
 He'd turn abhorrent, and in dead of night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

THE

THE North-east spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron caves, th' effusive South 170
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breaths the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining æther ; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails 175
Along the loaded sky, and mingling thick
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy, 180
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,

Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd 185
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense, 190
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
'And forests seem, expansive, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 195
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimply pool

Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 200
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world,
'Tis scarce to patter heard, the stealing shower,
By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while HEAVEN descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 206
And fruits, and flowers, on NATURE's ample lap?
Imagination fir'd prevents their growth,
And while the verdant nutriment distills,
Beholds the kindling country colour round. 210

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
Till, in the western-sky, the downward sun

Looks out illustrious from amidst the flush 215
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 220
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every musick wakes,
Mix'd in wild consort with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, th'unnumber'd bleatings of the hills, 225
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand æthereal bow
Shoots up immense! and every hue unfolds, 230

In

In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, mighty N E W T O N, the dissolving clouds
Are, as they scatter round, thy numerous prism,
Untwisting to the philosophic eye 235
The various twine of light, by thee pursu'd
Thro' the white mingling maze. Not so the swain,
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd 240
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give again,
Transmuted soon by Nature's chymistry, 245
The blooming blessings of the former day.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of BOTANIST to number up their tribes ;
Whether he steals along the lonely dale 250
In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has NATURE flung 255
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? Who pierce
With vision pure into these secret stores 260
Of life, and health, and joy ? The food of man
While

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unflafh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease, 265
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THEN the glad morning wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted men, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath her sacred beam.
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away, 270
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Mean time the song went round; and dance, and sport,
 Wisdom; and friendly talk successive stole 275
 Their hours away. While in the rosy vale

Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
Replete with bliss, and only wept for joy.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed
Was known among these happy sons of heaven ; 280
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.
Clean shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays ; and still the gracious clouds 285
Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.
Which when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy. 290
For musick held the whole in perfect peace :
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,

Warbling

Warbling the joyous heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were these prime of days. 295

THIS to the P O E T S gave the golden age;
 When, as they sung in elevated phrase,
 The sailor-pine had not the nations yet
 In commerce mix'd; for every country teem'd
 With every thing. Spontaneous harvests wav'd, 300
 Still in a sea of yellow plenty round.

The forest was the vineyard, where untaught
 To climb, unprun'd and wild, the juicy grape
 Burst into floods of wine. The knotted oak
 Shook from his boughs the long transparent streams
 Of honey, creeping thro' the matted grafs. 306
 Th' uncultivated thorn a ruddy shower

Of

Of fruitage shed, on such as fat below,
In blooming ease, and from brown labour free,
Save what the copious gathering, grateful gave. 310
The Rivers foam'd with nectar ; or diffuse,
Silent, and soft, the milky maze devolv'd.
Nor had the spongy, full-expanded fleece,
Yet drunk the TYRIAN dye. The stately ram
Shone thro' the mead, in native purple clad, 315
Or milder saffron ; and the dancing lamb
The vivid crimson to the sun disclos'd.
Nothing had power to hurt the savage soul,
Yet untransfus'd into the tyger's heart,
Burn'd not his bowels, nor his gamesome paw 320
Drove on the fleecy partners of his play :
While from the flowery brake the serpent roll'd
His fairer spires, and play'd his pointles tongue.

BUT

BUT now whate'er these gaudy fables meant,
 And the white minutes which they shadow'd out, 325
 Are found no more amid those iron times,
 Those dregs of life ! in which the human mind
 Has lost that harmony ineffable,
 Which warms the soul of happiness ; and all
 Is off the poise within ; the passions all 330
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Anger storms at large,
 Without an equal cause ; and fell revenge
 Supports the falling rage. Close envy bites 335
 With venom'd tooth ; while weak, unmanly fear,
 Full of frail fancies, loosens every power.
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,

A pleasing anguish pining at the heart.
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief, 340
Of life impatient, into madness swells ;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind 345
With endless storm. Whence, inly-rankling, grows
The selfish thought, a listless inconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
Then dark disgust, and malice, winding wiles,
Sneaking deceit, and coward villany : 350
At last deep-rooted hatred, lewd reproach,
Convulsive wrath, and thoughtless fury, quick
To deeds of vilest aim. Even nature's self
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE

40 HENCE in old time, they say, a deluge came;
 When the disparting orb of earth, that arch'd 356
 Th' imprison'd deep around, impetuous rush'd,
 With ruin inconceivable, at once
 Into the gulph, and o'er the highest hills
 Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast: 360
 'Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE SEASONS since, as hoar TRADITION tells,
 Have kept their constant chase; the WINTER keen
 Pour'd out his waste of snows; and SUMMER shot
 His pestilential heats; great SPRING before 365
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd
 In social sweetness on the self-same bough.

Clear

Clear was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 371
 Sound slept the waters : no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth :
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Sat not pernicious on the springs of life. 375
 But now, from clear to cloudy, moist to dry,
 And hot to cold, in restless change revolv'd,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 The fleeting shadow of a winter's sun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies 380
 In lone obscurity, unpriz'd for food ;
 Altho' the pure, exhilarating soul

Of nutriment, and health, salubrious breathes,
By HEAVEN infus'd, along its secret tubes.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man 385
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce-drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 390
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung, and wild necessity, 395
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breasts.
But MAN, whom NATURE form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,

And

And beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in blood ? The beast of prey,
'Tis true, deserves the fate in which he deals.
Him, from the thicket, let the hardy youth 405
Provoke, and foaming thro' the awakened woods
With every nerve pursue. But you, ye flocks,
What have ye done ? Ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death ? You, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 410
Against the winter's cold ? Whose usefulness
In living only lies ? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended ? He, whose toil,
Patient and ever-ready ; clothes the land 415

With

With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,
 And wrestling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clowns he feeds ? And that perhaps
 To swell the riot of the gathering feast,
 Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart 420
 Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd,
 Light on the numbers of the SAMIAN sage:
 High HEAVEN beside forbids the daring strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state, 425
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

BUT yonder breathing prospect bids the muse
 Throw all her beauty forth, that daubing all
 Will be to what I gaze ; for who can paint
 Like NATURE ? Can IMAGINATION boast, 430

Amid his gay creation, hues like hers?
 And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lay them on so delicately fine,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 435
 Unequal fails beneath the lovely task;
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours? And whose power
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, these aromatic gales, 440
 Which inexhaustive flow continual round?

Y E T, tho' successless, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 Oh come, and while the rosy-footed M A Y 445

Steals

Steals blushing on, together let us walk
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to deck the braided hair,
 And the white bosom that improves their sweets.

SEE, where the winding vale her lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lilly drinks 451
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank
 Profusely climbs. Turgent, in every pore
 The gummy moisture shines; new lustre lends,
 And feeds the spirit that diffusive round 456
 Refreshes all the dale. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans: A R A B I A cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence 460

Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the meadow worthless of our foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of NATURE, wide, and wild ;
Where undisguis'd by mimic ART, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the boundless eye. 466
'Tis here that their delicious task the bees,
In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,
This way, and that, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube, 470
Its soul, its sweetness, and its manna suck.
The little chymist thus, all-moving HEAVEN
Has taught : and oft, of bolder wing, he dares
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
And yellow loads him with the luscious spoil. 475

A r length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 480
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted darts ;
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest running round, the rising spire,
 Th' æthereal mountain, and the distant main. 485
 But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along the blushing borders, dewy-bright,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed SPRING unbosoms every grace ;

C 3

Throws

Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first,
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue, 491
 Dew-bending cowslips, and of nameless dyes
 Anemonies, auriculas a tribe
 Peculiar powder'd with a shining sand,
 Renunculas, and iris many-hued. 495
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
 Her gayest freaks : from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they BREAK
 On the charm'd FLORIST's eye, he curious stands,
 And new-flush'd glories all ecstatic marks. 501
 Nor hyacinths are wanting, nor junquils
 Of potent fragrance, nor narcissus white,
 Nor stripe'd carnations, nor enamell'd pinks,
 Nor flower'd from every bush the damask-rose. 505

Infinite

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of N A T U R E, and her endless bloom.

HAIL, MIGHTY BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL 509
 Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
 To T H E E I bend the knee; to T H E E my thoughts
 Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
 Haft the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By T H E E, the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves, 515
 Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew.
 By T H E E dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At T H Y command, the vernal sun awakes 520

The torpid sap, detruded to the root
 By wintry winds, that now, in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

ASCENDING from the vegetable world 525
 To higher life, with equal wing ascend,
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody 530
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of S P R I N G, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, THE PASSION OF THE GROVES.

JUST

JUST as the spirit of love is sent abroad, 535
Warm thro' the vital air, and on their hearts
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows 540
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn ;
E'er yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings 545
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Thick-wove, and tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of

Of the coy quiristers that lodge within, 550
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening P H I L O M E L A deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought 555
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these 560
 Thousands beside, thick as the covering leaves
 They warble under, or the nitid hues
 That speck them o'er, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, 565

Here

Here aid the confort : while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their gaiety, and all
This waste of musick is the voice of love ;
Which even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind 571
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in fluttering courtship pour
Their little souls before her. Wide around,
Respectful, first in airy rings they rove, 575
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd 580
They

They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
 And throwing out the last efforts of love,
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire. 585

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, each as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
 That NATURE's great command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 590
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Resolve to trust their young. The clefted tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few, 595
 Their

Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale
Their humble texture weave. But most delight
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook, 600
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,
When for a season fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful manner laid, 605
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But hurry hurry thro' the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Ingeniously intent. Oft from the back 610
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills

Pluck

Pluck hair, and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn the straw ; till soft, and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits, 615
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th'opponent bank, and ceaseless sings 620
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
Warm'd, and expanded into perfect life, 625
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour. Oh what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care
 Seize the new parents' hearts? Away they fly 630
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. So pitiful, and poor,
 A gentle pair on providential H E A V E N 635
 Cast, as they weeping eye their clamant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

N O R is the courage of the fearful kind,
 Nor is their cunning less, should some rude foot
 Their woody haunts molest; stealthy aside 640
 Into the centre of a neighbouring bush

They

They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive
 The rambling school-boy. Hence around the head
 Of traveller, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on 645
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt you from her nest. The wild-duck hence
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray. 650

BE not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull, 655
 Ragged, and all its brightning lustre lost;

Not

Nor is that luscious wildness in their notes
That warbles from the beech. Oh then desist,
Ye friends of harmony ! this barbarous art
Forbear, if innocence and musick can 660
Win on your hearts, or piety persuade.

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when returning with her loaded bill, 665
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ; 670
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings

D

Her

Her sorrows thro' the night ; and, on the bough
 Sad-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till wide around the woods 675
 Sigh with her song, and with her wail resound.

AND now the feather'd youth their former bounds
 Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky.
 But this glad office more, and then dissolves 680
 Parental love at once ; for needful grown,
 Unlavish WISDOM never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes 685
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad

On

On NATURE's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails ; their pinions still, 690
In loose libration stretch'd, the void abrupt
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings 695
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead
Farther and farther on the lengthning flight ;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life, and action in the void 700
Th' exoner'd parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the green sea, grudging at its base,
 The royal eagle draws his young, resolv'd 705
 To try them at the sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright
 As burnish'd day, they up the blue sky wind,
 Leaving dull sight below, and with fix'd gaze
 Drink in their native noon : the father-king
 Claps his glad pinions, and approves the birth. 710

AND should I wander to the rural seat,
 Whose aged oaks, and venerable gloom,
 Invite the noisy rook ; with pleasure there,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen 715
 Calls all her chirping family around,

Fed,

Fed, and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train, 720
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and beats you from the bank,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh, 725
Loud-threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in floating majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls 730
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins 735
The bull, deep-scorch'd, receives the raging fire,
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his brawny back the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood 740
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense :
For, wrapt in mad imagination, he
Roars for the fight, and idly butting, feigns
A rival gor'd in every knotty trunk. 745
Such should he meet, the bellowing war begins ;
Their

Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning vast th' impetuous battle mix :
While the fair heifer, redolent, in view 750
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding whip ;
Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy, to distant plains 755
Attracted strong, all wild, he bursts away ;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies,
And neighing, on the aerial summit takes
Th' informing gale ; then steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills, 760
Even where the madness of the straiten'd streams

Turns in black eddies round : Such is the force
With which his frantick heart, and sinews swell.

NOR, undelighted by the boundless SPRING,
Are the broad monsters of the boiling deep : 765
From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce, and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
How the red lioness, her whelps forgot 770
Amid the thoughtless fury of her heart ;
The lank rapacious wolf ; th' unshapely bear ;
The spotted tyger, fellest of the fell ;
And all the terrors of the LIBYAN swain,
By this new flame their native wrath sublim'd, 775
Roam the resounding waste in fiercer bands,

And

And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, transported, to the BRITISH fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 780
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
This way, and that, convolv'd in friskful glee,
Their little frolicks play. And now the race 785
Invites them forth ; when swift the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 790
Lost in eternal broil ; e'er yet she grew
To this deep-laid, indissoluble state,
Where

Where WEALTH and COMMERCE lift their golden
head,

And o'er our Labours, LIBERTY and LAW

Illustrious watch, the wonder of a world ! 795

WHAT is this MIGHTY BREATH, ye curious say,
Which, in a language rather felt than heard,

Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breasts
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but GOD ?

Inspiring GOD ! who boundless spirit all, 800

And unremitted energy pervades,

Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone

Seems not to work, with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex, amazing scheme of things. 805

But tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye

Th'

Th' informing author in his work appears ;
 His grandeur in the heavens : the sun, and moon,
 Whether that fires the day, or falling, this
 Pours out a lucid softness o'er the night, 810
 Are but a beam from him. The glittering stars,
 By the deep ear of meditation heard,
 Still in their midnight watches sing of him.
 He nods a calm. The tempest blows his wrath,
 Roots up the forest and o'erturns the main. 815
 The thunder is his voice ; and the red flash
 His speedy sword of justice. At his touch
 The mountains flame. He takes the solid earth,
 And rocks the nations. Nor in these alone,
 In every common instance God is seen ; 820
 And to the man who casts his mental eye
 Abroad unnotic'd wonders rise, But chief

In

In thee, boon S P R I N G, and in thy softer scenes,
 The S M I L I N G G O D appears ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty, which instils 825
 Into the brutes this temporary thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness, and joy.

S T I L L let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of S P R I N G on man ; 830
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to smile with N A T U R E ? Can
 The stormy passions in his bosom rowl,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 835
 Is melody ? Hence, from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing S P R I N G, ye sordid sons of earth,

Hard,

Hard, and unfeeling, of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away. 839

But come, ye generous breasts, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY, most,
Divinely burns ; and on your open front,
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor only fair,

And easy of approach ; your active search 849

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd,
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows SPRING abroad ; for you the teaming clouds
Descend in buxom plenty o'er the world ; 851

And the sun spreads his genial blaze for you,
Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,

Sad-

Sad-pining sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd health exalts 855
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 860
 By small degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last arriv'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD, to see a happy world. 865

'TIS HARMONY, that world-attuning power,
 By which all beings are adjusted, each
 To all around, impelling, and impell'd,

In endless circulation, that inspires
 This universal smile. Thus the glad skies, 870
 The wide rejoycing earth, the woods, the streams,
 With every LIFE they hold, down to the flower
 That paints the lowly vale, or insect-wing
 Wav'd o'er the shepherd's slumber, touch the mind
 To nature tun'd, with a light-flying hand, 875
 Invisible ; quick-urging, thro' the nerves,
 The glittering spirits in a flood of day.

HENCE from the virgin's cheek, a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes, 881
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize

Her

Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away, 885
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading eye,
In meek submission drest, deject, and low, 890
But full of tempting guile. Let not the tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd wills. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round, 895
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,

When

When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies; and fading fame 900
 Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul
 Is wrapt in dreams of ecstasy, and bliss;
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven, 905
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

E V E N present in the very lap of love 910
 Inglorious laid; while musick flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears

E

Her

Her snaky crest: a quick returning twinge
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
 And great design against th' oppressive load 916
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastick pangs arousd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift, 921
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd SPRING
 To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch 925
 Of heaven, low-bends into a dusky vault.

All nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,

Fills

Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious Friends, 930
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and inattentive. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair; 935
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetick glooms, 940
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
Romantic hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze 945
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train 950
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beams,
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or while the world,
And all the sons of care, lie hush'd in sleep, 955
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line 960

With

With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch, 965
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimick scene. 970
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret-winding, flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his thousand cares 975
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,

Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast, 980
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore ; where succourless, and sad,
Wild as a Bacchanal she spreads her arms,
But strives in vain, borne by th' outrageous flood 985
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
Then a weak, wailing lamentable cry
Is heard, and all in tears he wakes, again
To tread the circle of revolving woe. 990
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should

Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant rage, 995
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects then
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departing peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night 1001
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ay then instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing raptures bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire, 1006
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,

Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantick views 1010
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming pine.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1015
 Giving a moment's ease, Reflection pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1020
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;

For

For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm
youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1025
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1031
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1035

Attuning

Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full-exerts his softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul, 1039
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1045
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1050
Of

Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :
While those whom love cements, in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature, live,
Disdaining fear ; for what's the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1055
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1060
The richest bounty of indulgent H E A V E N.
Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1065

The

The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care :
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1070
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' inspiring spirit, and to plant
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy ! you whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around, 1075
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart,
Obedient fortune, and approving H E A V E N.
These are the blessings of diviner love ;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus, 1080

As

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting S P R I N G
Sheds her own rosy garland on their head :
Till evening comes at last, cool, gentle, calm ;
When after the long vernal day of life, 1085
Enamour'd more, as soul approaches soul,
Together, down they sink in social sleep.

F I N I S.





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S U M M E R.


 FROM yonder fields of ather fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun! illustrious *Summer* comes
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's
[depth.
 He comes, attended by the sultry *Hours*,
 And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning *Spring*
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10

And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream that by the roots of oak
 Rows o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration!* from thy hermit feat 15
 By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious muse, and raptur'd eye
 Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look,
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an extasy of soul. 20

And thou, the muse's honour! and her friend!
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tendernefs of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastiz'd; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For *Britain's* glory, Liberty, and Man;
 O *Dodington!* attend my rural song,

S U M M E R.

5

Stoop to my theme, in spirit every line, 30
And teach me to deserve thy best applause.

With what a perfect world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
That oft has swept the busy race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Unresting, changless, matchless, in their course ;
To night and day, with the delightful round
Of *Seasons*, faithful ; not excentric once : 40
So pois'd, and perfect is the vast machine.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;
And soon, observant of approaching day, 45
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews !
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
Till far o'er æther shoots the trembling glow ;

And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With tardy step, 50
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the eye, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk the smoaking currents shine; 55
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpes aukward; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native voice of undissembled joy; 60
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold in order drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

Falsly luxurious, will not man awake,
 And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,

To meditation due, and sacred song.
And is there ought in sleep can charm the wise? 70
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams? 75
Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
Longer than nature craves; when every Muse,
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildy-devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day, 80
Rejoycing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim
Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best! 90
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, red Sun,
 In whose wide circle worlds of radiance lie,
 Exhaustless Brightness, may I sing of thee ! 95

Who would the blessings, first and last, recount,
 That in a full effusion from thee flow,
 As soon might number, at the height of noon,
 The rays that radiate from thy cloudless sphere,
 A universal glory darting round. 100

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
 Of slow-pac'd *Saturn* to the scarce-seen disk
 Of *Mercury*, lost in excessive blaze. 105

Informer of the planetary train !
 Without whose vital and effectual glance,
 They wou'd be brute, uncomfortable mass,
 And not as now the green abodes of life !
 How many forms of being wait on thee ! 110
 Inhaling gladness ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, to that day-living race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons* ! from whose rich-stain'd rays, 115
 Reflected various, various colours rise :
 The freshening mantle of the youthful year ;
 The wild embroidery of the watry vale ;
 With all that cheers the sense, and charms the heart.

The branching grove thy lusty product stands, 120
 Diffus'd, and deep ; to quench the summer noon,
 And crowd a shade for the retreating swain,
 When on his russet fields you look direct.

Fruit is thy bounty too, with Juice replete,
 Acid, or mild ; and from thy ray receives 125
 A flavour, pleasing to the taste of man.
 By thee concocted blushes ; and, by thee
 Fully matur'd, into the verdant lap
 Of *Industry* the mellow plenty falls.

Extensive harvests wave at thy command ; 130
 And the bright ear, consolidate by thee,
 Bends unwitholding to the reaper's hand.

Even *Winter* speaks thy power ; whose every blast,
 O'ercaft with tempest, or severely sharp
 With breathing frost, is eloquent of thee, 135
 And makes us languish for thy vernal gleams.
 Shot to the bowels of the teeming earth,
 The ripening ore confesses all thy power.
 Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence waving War
 Flames on the day ; hence busy Commerce binds 140
 The round of nations in a golden chain ;
 And hence the sculptur'd palace, sumptuous, shines
 With glittering silver, and refulgent gold. Th'

Th' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone; 145
Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the bosoms of the fair.

At thee the ruby lights his deepening glow,
A bleeding radiance, grateful to the view. 150
From thee the sapphire, solid æther, takes
His hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of Spring, 155
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues, 160
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brisker measures, the reluctant stream
 Frisks o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 165
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 170
 Reflects, from every fluctuating wave,
 A glance extensive as the day. But these,
 And all the much transported muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source, 175
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
 Who, *Light Himself*, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ; 180
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,

Fill'd,

Fill'd, over-flowing, all those lamps of heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel, 185
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet, was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Poet! silent in thy praise ;
 Thy matchless works in each exalted line,
 And all the full harmonic universe, 190
 Would vocal, or expressive, thee attest,
 The cause, the glory, and the end of all!

To me be nature's volume wide display'd ;
 And to peruse the broad illumin'd page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence, 195
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I muse, or with the rising day
 On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Fierce-flaming up the heavens, the piercing sun 200
Melts into limpid air the high-rai'd clouds,
And morning mists, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till all unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 205

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
And tyrant heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
By sharp degrees, his burning influence reigns
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream. 210

Who can un pitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before th' unbating beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the follower of the sun, they say, 215
Sad when he sets shuts up her yellow leaves,
Weeping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home,

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold: 220
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
(That the calm village, in their verdant arms, 225
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the homely fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 230
The house dog, with th' employless grey-hound, lies,
Outstretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They bootless snap. Nor shall the muse disdain 235
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,
Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him their high descent, direct, they draw.

Wak'd

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young 240
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of life. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry glooms, by myriads, all at once,
 Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey, 245
 Black, azure, brown; more than th' assisted eye
 Of poring virtuoso can discern.
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool 250
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the springing Trout,
 Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-wood glade
 Delight to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 255
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb; but careful still
 To shun the mazes of the sounding bee,
 As o'er the blooms he sweeps. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight; 260

Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling stream
Are pierc'd to death ; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves 265
A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around. 270
Within an inch the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
And, fixing in the fly his cruel fangs, 275
Strides backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extream distress,
And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

Echoes the living surface of the ground ;
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum, 280
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

Let no presuming impious railer tax 285
 Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little, haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise ; of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind ? 290
 Thus on the concave of a sounding dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
 Wanders a critic fly ; his feeble ray
 Extends an inch around, yet blindly bold
 He dares dislike the structure of the whole. 295
 And lives the man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,

As

As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen 300
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From *infinite Perfection* to the brink
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!
 Recoiling giddy thought: or with sharp glance,
 Such as remotely-wasting spirits use, 305
 Beheld the glories of the little world?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of heavenly wonder, to that *Power*,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun. 310

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering kingdoms sport; with tempest-wing,
 Till *Winter* sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass 315
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! In soft-circling robes,
 Which the hard hand of *Industry* has wrought,

The human insects glow ; by *Hunger* fed,
 And chear'd by toiling *Thirst*, they rowl about 320
 From toy to trifle, vanity to vice ;
 Till blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead ;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 325
 Healthful, and strong ; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing funs, the blooming maid,
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands 330
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the tawny Harvest to the sun, 335
 That casts refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

Rises the ruflet hay-cock thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 340
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
 Shoots thro' th' expanding air a torrid gleam.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the darted eye 345
 Can pierce, a dazling deluge reigns; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 Down to the dusty earth the sight, o'erpower'd,
 Stoops for relief; but thence ascending streams,
 And keen reflection pain. Burnt to the heart 350
 Are the refreshless fields; their arid hue
 Adds a new fever to the sickening soul:
 And o'er their slippery surface wary treads
 The foot of thirsty pilgrim, often dipt
 In a cross rill, presenting to his wish 355
 A living draught: he feels before he drinks!
 Echo no more returns the fandy sound
 Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps

O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard 360
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
 The desert reddens; and the stubborn rock,
 Split to the center, sweats at every pore.
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or, thro' the fervid glade, impetuous hurl 365
 Into the shelter of the crackling grove.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so hard! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds, 370
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
 Who can endure! the too resplendent scene
 Already darkens on the dizzy sight, 375
 And double objects dance; unreal sounds
 Sing deep around; a weight of sultry dew
 Hangs deathful on the limbs; shiver the nerves;

The

The supple sinews sink ; and on the heart,
 Misgiving, horror lays his heavy hand. 380

Thrice happy he ! that on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams, 385
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And all his passions aptly harmoniz'd, 390
 Amid a jarring world, with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul, 395
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.

Cold thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye, 400
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
 And life shoots swift thro' every lighten'd limb.

All in th' adjoining brook, that shrills along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool, 405
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose;
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand 410
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail; 415
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head on downy moss sustain'd;

Here

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
And there his sceptre-crook, and watchful dog. 420

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry hornets fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' all the bright severity of noon ; 426
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse provok'd,
While his big sinews, full of spirits, swell, 430
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence ; and o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steady eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength ! 435
Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth; 440
 That, high embowering in the middle air,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful, silent gloom around.

These are the haunts of meditation, these 445
 The scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic felt, and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On heavenly errands bent: to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice; 450
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn'd the favour'd soul,
 For future tryals fated to prepare;
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs 455
 Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's breast,
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;

And

And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform. 460

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestick on. Arous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, and severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
Those accents murmur'd in th' abstracted ear, 466
Pronounce distinct. " Be not, of us afraid,
" Poor kindred man, thy fellow-creatures, we
" From the same *Parent-Power* our beings drew,
" The same our *Lord*, and laws, and great pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life, 471
" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, e'er we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear us not ; but with responsive song, 475
" Oft in these dim recesses, undisturb'd
" By noisy folly, and discordant vice,
" Of nature sing with us, and nature's *God*.

" And

" And frequent at the middle waste of night,
 " Or all day long, in deserts still, are heard, 480
 " Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-sky,
 " Around, or underneath, aerial sounds,
 " Sent from angelic harps, and voices join'd.
 " A happiness bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear 485
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

Thus up the Mount, in visionary muse,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sun
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking ^{[back,}
 I stand aghast, and view the broken scene. 491

Smooth to the shaggy brink a spreading flood
 Rolls fair and placid ; till collected all,
 In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground, 494
 Th' impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep,
 Thunders and shakes th' astonish'd country round.
 Now a blue watry sheet ; anon dispers'd,

A hoary mist ; then gather'd in again,
A darted stream afloat the hollow rock,
This way, and that tormented ; dashing thick, 500
From steep to steep, with wild, inflected course,
And restless roaring to the humble vale.

With the rough prospect tir'd, I turn my gaze,
Where, in long vista, the soft-murmuring main
Darts a green lustre, trembling thro' the trees; 505
Or to yon silver-streaming threads of light,
A showery radiance, beaming thro' the boughs.
Invited from the rock, to whose dark cliff
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' th' attractive gleam ;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 511
Gains on the sun ; while all the feathery race,
Smote with afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain. 515
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,

Short

Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile, 520
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There on that rock by *Nature's* chissel carv'd 525
 An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted sweet
 Of honey-suckle loads his little thigh.

And what a various prospect lies around ! 530
 Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And towns betwixt, and gilded streams ; till all
 The fetching landskip into smোক decays.

Happy *Britannia* ! where the Queen of arts,
 Inspiring vigour, *Liberty* abroad 535

Walks

Walks thro' the land of Heroes, unconfin'd
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is the soil, and merciful the skies;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float 540
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat, numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows flame, and rise unquell'd,
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand, 545
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And *Property* assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unweari'd, in his certain toil.

Full are thy cities with the Sons of art;
And trade, and joy, in every busy street, 550
Mingling are heard: even *Drudgery* himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,

With

With labour burn, and echo to the shouts 555
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd, 560
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first,
 Or in the list'd plain, or wintry seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning high ; 565
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd,
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd ;
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of such as under grim oppression groan. 570

Thy sons of glory many ! thine a *More*,
 As *Cato* firm, as *Aristides* just,
 Like rigid *Cincinnatus* nobly poor,

A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a *Walsingham* is thine ; 575
A *Drake*, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high ; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the *maiden* reign ?
In *Raleigh* mark their every glory mix'd, 580
Raleigh, the scourge of *Spain* ! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. 585
Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted saw,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 590
A *Hambden* thine, of unsubmitting soul ;
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone ; and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of *Freedom* fierce.

Nor can the muse the gallant *Sidney* pass, 595
 The plume of war! with every lawrel crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 Nor him of later name, firm to the cause
 Of *Liberty*, her rough determin'd friend,
 'The *British Brutus* ; whose united blood 600
 With *Russel*, thine, thou patriot wise, and calm,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown
 In *Sages* too, far as the sacred light 605
 Of science spreads, and wakes the muses' song.
 Thine is a *Bacon* form'd of happy mold,
 When *Nature* smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,
Plato, the *Stagyrite*, and *Tully* join'd. 610
 The generous * *Ashley* thine, the friend of man ;
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind, 615

* *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

And with the *moral Beauty* charm the heart.
 What need I name thy *Boyle*, whose pious search
 Still fought the great *Creator* in his works,
 By sure experience led ? And why thy *Locke*,
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?
 Let comprehensive *Newton* speak thy fame, 620
 In all philosophy. For solemn song,
 Is not wild *Shakespear* nature's boast, and thine ?
 And every greatly amiable muse
 Of elder ages in thy *Milton* met ?
 His was the treasure of two thousand years, 625
 Seldom indulg'd to man ; a god-like mind,
 Unlimited, and various, as his *Theme* ;
 Astonishing as *Chaos* ; as the bloom
 Of blowing *Eden* fair ; soft as the talk 629
 Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* sublime.

May my song soften as, thy daughters, I,
Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,

Shap'd by the hand of *Harmony*; the cheek, 635
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet, 640
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,
She sits high smiling in the conscious eye. 645

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm; 650
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls, Send

Send forth the saving *Virtues* round the land, 655
 In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*, 661
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untry'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake : 665
 While, in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
 Who casts o'er all an equal, wide survey,
 And ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some brave design. 670

Thus far transported by my country's love,
 Nobly digressive from my theme, I've aim'd
 To sing her praises in ambitious verse ;
 While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,

The various summer-horrors, which infest 675
Kingdoms that scorch below feverer suns:

Kingdoms on which, direct, the flood of day
Oppressive falls, and gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross ; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Wan jealousy, red rage, and fell revenge, 680
Their hasty spirit prompts. Ill-fated race!

Altho' the treasures of the sun be theirs,
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines ;
Whence, over sands of gold, the *Niger* rolls
His amber wave ; while on his balmy banks, 685
Or in the spicy *Abyssinian* vales,

The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink
Intolerable day, yet in their coats
A cooling juice contain, Peaceful beneath,
Leans the huge elephant ; and in his shade 690
A multitude of beauteous creatures play,
And birds of bolder note rejoice around,

And oft amid their aromatic groves,
Touch'd' the torch of noon, the gummy bark,

Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath. 695

Instant, so swift the ruddy ruin spreads,

A cloud of incense shadows all the land ;

And, o'er a thousand thundering trees at once,

Riots with lawless rage the running blaze :

But chiefly should fomenting winds assist, 700

And doubling blend the circulating waves

Of flame tempestuous ; or directly on,

Far-streaming, drive them thro' the forest's length.

But other views await ; where heaven above

Glow's like an arch of brass ; and all below, 705

The brown-burnt earth a mass of iron lies ;

Of fruits, and flowers, and every verdure spoilt ;

Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary waste ;

Thin-cottag'd ; and in time of trying need,

Abandon'd by the vanish'd brook ; like one 710

Of fading fortune by his treacherous friend.

Such are thy horrid desarts, *Barca* ; such

Zaara, thy hot inhospitable sands ;

Continuous rising often with the blast,
 Till the sun sees no more; and unknit earth, 715
 Shook by the south into the darken'd air,
 Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er the waste.

Hence late expos'd (if distant fame says true)
 A smother'd city from the sandy wave
 Emergent rose; with olive-fields around, 720
 Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,
 Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.

For by the nitrous penetrating salts,
 Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd, and preserv'd,
 Each object hardens gradual into stone, 725
 Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps.

The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd croud
 The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd
 By sudden fate, and live on every face
 The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art.

Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand, 730
 Delighted even in death; and each for each
 Feeling alone, with that expressive look,

Which

Which perfect *Nature* only knows to give.
 And there the father agonizing bends
 Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train 735
 Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why.
 The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,
 With horror starting; while in council deep
 Assembled full, the hoary-headed fires
 Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate. 740
 As when old *Rome*, beneath the raging *Gaul*,
 Sunk her proud turrets resolute on death,
 Around the *Forum* sat the grey divan
 Of *Senators*, majestic, motionless,
 With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes 745
 Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;
 Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn sight
 The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them *Gods*.

'Tis here that *Thirst* has fix'd his dry domain;
 And walks his wide, malignant round, in search 750
 Of pilgrim lost; or on the * *Merchant's* tomb

* In the desert of *Araban* are two tombs with inscriptions on them, importing that the persons there interr'd were a rich merchant, and a poor carrier, who both died of thirst; and that the former had given to the latter ten thousand ducats for one cruise of water.

Triumphant sits, who for a single cruise
Of unavailing water paid so dear :
Nor could the gold his hard associate save.

Here the green serpent gathers up his train, 755
In orbs immense ; then darting out anew,
Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd brake ;
And, rolling frightful, guards the scanty fount,
If fount there be : or of diminish'd size,
But mighty mischief, on th' unguarded swain 760
Steals, full of rancour. Here the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of blood,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The rabid tyger then,
The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard, 765
(Bespeckled fair, the beauty of the waste)
In dire divan, surround their *shaggy King*,
Majestic, stalking o'er the burning sand,
With planted step ; while an obsequious croud
Of grinning forms at humble distance wait. 770
These all together join'd from darksome caves,

Where

Where o'er gnaw'd bones they slumber'd out the day,
By supreme hunger smit, and thirst intense,
At once their mingling voices raise to *Heaven* ;
And with imperious and repeated roars, 775
Demanding food, the wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas* eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Ceaseless he sits, 780
Sad on the jutting eminence, and views
The rowling main, that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round æther mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the setting sun he turns 786
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And his continual thro' the tedious night.

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 799
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,

And haughty *Cæsar*, *Liberty* retir'd,
 With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* wilds :
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s fertile plains,
 And all the green delights of *Italy* ; 795
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the blessings once her own.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where frequent, o'er the sickening city, *Plague*,
 The fiercest son of *Nemesis divine*, 800
 Collects a close, incumbent night of death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture, by the sun suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect ? Princely *Wisdom* then 805
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of drooping *Justice*, ineffectual, falls
 The sword, and balance. Mute the voice of Joy ;
 And hush'd the murmur of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad, 810
 And rang'd at open noon by beasts of prey,

And

And birds of bloody beak. The sullen door
No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice
Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted friends,
And relatives endear'd for many a year, 815
Savag'd by woe, forget the social tie,
The close engagement of the kindred heart;
And, sick in solitude, successive die,
Untended, and unmourn'd. While to compleat
The scene of desolation, wide around, 820
Denying all retreat, the grim guards stand,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much of the force of foreign *Summers* still,
Of growling hills that shoot the pillar'd flame,
Of earthquake, and pale famine, could I sing;
But equal scenes of horror call me home. 826

For now, slow-settling, o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The broad possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the damp abrupt, 830
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.

Thence nitre, sulphur, vitriol, on the day
 Steam, and fermenting in yon baleful cloud,
 Extensive o'er the world a reddening gloom !
 In dreadful promptitude to spring, await 835
 The high command. A boding silence reigns
 Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound,
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rowls o'er the trembling earth, disturbs the flood,
 And stirs the forest-leaf without a breath. 840
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook, 845
 Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis dumb amaze, and listening terror all ;
 When to the quicker eye the livid glance
 Appears far south, emissive thro' the cloud ; 850
 And, by the powerful breath of *God* inflate,

The

The thunder raises his tremendous voice ;
At first low-muttering ; but at each approach,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds : till over head a sheet 855
Of various flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal 860
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
In the white, heavenly magazines congeal'd ;
And often fatal to th' unshelter'd head 864
Of man, or rougher beast. Wide-rent the clouds
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its rage unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And strikes the shepherd, as he shuddering sits,
Presaging ruin, mid the rocky clift. 870
His inmost marrow feels the gliding flame ;

He

He dies ; and, like a statue grim'd with age,
 His live dejected posture still remains ;
 His russet sing'd, and rent his hanging hat ;
 Against his crook his footy cheek reclin'd ; 875
 While, whining at his feet, his half-stung'd dog,
 Importunately kind, and fearful, pats
 On his insensate master for relief.

Black from the stroak, above, the mountain-pine,
 A leaning shatter'd trunk, stands scath'd to heaven,
 The talk of future ages ; and, below, 881
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie :
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look,
 They wore alive, and ruminating still,
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 885
 And ox half-rais'd. A little further, burns
 The guiltless cottage ; and the haughty dome
 Stoops to the base. In one immediate flash,
 The forest falls ; or, flaming out, displays
 The savage-hunts, unpierc'd by day before. 890
 Scar'd is the mountain's brow ; and from the cliff
 Tumbles

Tumbles the smitten rock. The desert shakes,
And gleams, and grumbles, thro' his deepest dens.

Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head 895
Falls the devoted flash. Young *Celadon*
And his *Amelia* were a matchless twain:
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 900
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time alarm'd the heart
Of *Innocence*, and undissembling *Truth*. 904
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetick glow,
Struck from the charming eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of given joy. Alone, amid the shades, 910

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

Thus pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care untroubled ; till in evil hour 915
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far. Her breast presageful heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek. 920
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In heaven repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying fairs, his eyes compassion shed, 925
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,
 " Fair innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm ! *He*, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 " With full regard. O'er thee the secret shaft 930
 " That

" That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies hurtless ; and that very voice,
 " Which thunders terror thro' the conscious heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 935
 " To clasp perfection ! " From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven !) that moment, in a heap
 Of pallid ashes fell the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Struck by severe amazement, hating life, 940
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,
 The well-dissembl'd mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable blue, 946
 Delightful swells into the general arch,
 That copes the nations. Nature from the storm
 Shines out afresh ; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm, 950

Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the level ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around, 955
 Joyn'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world? 960
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky,
 After the tempest puff his idle vows,
 And a new dance of vanity begin,
 Scarce e'er the pant forsake the feeble heart? 965

Chear'd by the setting beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid

To

To meditate the blue profound below ; 970

Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek

Instant emerge ; and thro' the flexile wave,

At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,

With arms and legs according well, he makes, 975

As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;

While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light

Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade,

Where winded into lovely solitudes 980

Runs out the rambling dale that *Damon* sat,

Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse :

Damon, who still amid the savage woods,

And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorn'd,

Firm, and to false philosophy devote. 985

The brook ran babling by ; and sighing weak,

The breeze among the bending willows play'd :

When *Sacharissa* to the cool retreat,

With *Amoret*, and *Musidora* stole.

Warm in their cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
 And, rob'd in loose array, they came to bathe
 Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream. 992

Tall, and majestic, *Sacharissa* rose,
 Superior treading, as on *Ida's* top
 (So *Grecian* bards in wanton fable sung) 995

High-throne the sister and the wife of *Jove*.

Another *Pallas Musidora* seem'd,

Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look

A surer conquest of the sliding heart.

While, like the *Cyprian* goddess, *Amoret*, 1000

Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,

And all one softness, melted on the sense.

Nor *Paris* panted stronger, when aside

The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1004

Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,

Than, *Damon*, thou, the stoick now no more,

But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,

And slender foot, th' inverted silk they drew ;

As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone ;

And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,

With

With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still, 1012

When from their naked limbs of glowing white,
In folds loose-floating felt the fainter lawn;
And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves;
With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze
Arous'd, and starting, like the fearful fawn.

* So stands the statue that enchants the world,
Her full proportions such, and bashful to
Bends ineffectual from the roving eye. 1020

Then to the flood they rush'd; the plunging fair
The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd;
And, every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lilly thro' the crystal mild; 1025

Or as the rose amid the morning-dew
Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,
While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,
But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks

* *The Venus of Medici.*

Rising again; the latent *Damon* drew
 Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,
 As put his harsh philosophy to flight,
 The joyless search of long-deluded years;
 And *Musidora* fixing in his heart, 1035
 Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
 Nor when, the brook pellucid, Winter keens,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1040
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1045
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 Even from the body's purity the mind
 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid,

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The rising clouds,
That shift perpetual in his vivid train, 1051
Their watry mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,
Unfold the hidden riches of his ray;
And chase a change of colours round the sky.
'Tis all one blush from east to west! and now,
Behind the dusky earth, he dips his orb; 1055
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one faint glimmer, and then disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void; 1060
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying all th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, a chearless blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch; 1065
Who, rowling in inhuman pleasure deep,
The whole day long has made the widow pine;

And

And snatch'd the morsel from her orphan's mouth,
 To give his dogs. But to the tuneful mind,
 Who makes the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around, 1071
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All æther saddening, sober *Evening* takes 1076
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her beck. First *This*
 She sends on earth ; then *That* of deeper die
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still, 1080
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher breeze
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate. 1085

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves

The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means, 1090
Loves fond, by the sincerest language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng, 1095
In various game, and revelry to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell.

But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against himself to lift the hated hand 1100
Of violence ; by men cast out from life,
And after death, to which they drove his hope,
Into the broad way side. The ruin'd tower
Is also shunn'd ; whose hoary chambers hold, 1104
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his lamp ; and, thro' the dark,
Twinkles

Twinkles a moving gem. On *Evening's* heel,
Night follows fast; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1110
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye. 1113
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Doubtful if seen: whence sudden *Vision* turns
 To heaven; where *Venus*, in the starry front,
 Shines eminent; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh, 1120
 Sheds influence on earth, to love, and life,
 And every form of vegetation kind.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With glad peruse, the lambent lightnings shoot
 A-cross the sky; or horizontal dart 1125
 O'er half the nations, in a minute's space,
 Conglob'd; or long. Astonishment succeeds,
 And silence, e'er the various talk begin.

The vulgar stare ; amazement is their joy,
And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd ! 1130
But scrutinous *Philosophy* looks deep,
With piercing eye, into the latent cause ;
Nor can she swallow what she does not see.
With thee, serene *Philosophy* ! with thee,
And thy high praises, let me crown my song !
Effusive source of evidence, and truth ! 1136
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of coelestial day. 1140
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She soaring spurns, with elevated pride,
The tangling mass of cares, and low desires,
That bind the fluttering croud ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science, and of Virtue gains, 1145
Where all his calm and clear ; with Nature round
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's, and to fancy's eye display'd :

The

The *First* up-tracing from the vast inane,
 The chain of causes and effects to *Him*, 1150
 Who, all-sustaining, in himself, alone
 Possesses *Being*; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1155
 A world swift-painted on th' attentive mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence *Poetry* exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind, 1160
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unassisted man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every honest art, 1165
 And elegance of life. Nor home, nor joy
 Domestick, mix'd of tenderness and care,

Nor

Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor law were his ; nor property ; nor swain,
To turn the furrow ; nor mechanic hand 1170
Harden'd to toil ; nor sailer bold ; nor trade,
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
Whole horrid circle had made human life 1175
Than non-existence worse. But taught by thee
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
Ply the tough oar, *Philosophy* directs, 1180
Star-led, the helm ; or like the liberal breath
Of urgent heaven, invisible, the sails
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

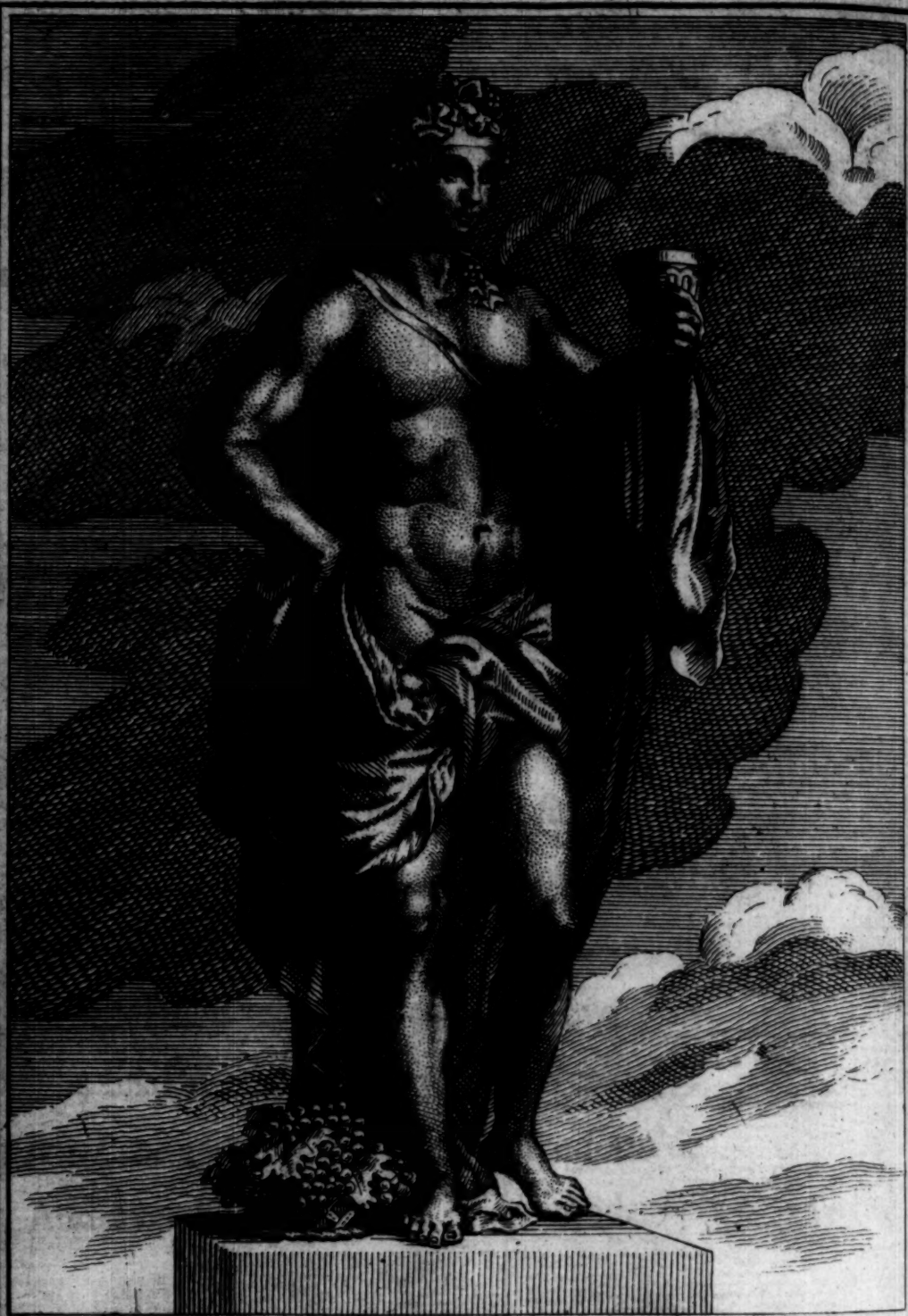
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high 1185
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation thro' ; and, from that full complex

Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of *the sole Being* right, who spoke the word,
 And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns 1191
 Her eye; and instant, at her virtual glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up 1195
 To notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Immediate, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
 So wills *Eternal Providence*, fits deep.
 Enough for us we know that this dark state, 1200
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of *God*;
 By *Love* and *Wisdom* inexpressive form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind. 1205



The E N D.





AUTUMN.

3/
A U T U M N.

A

P O E M.

By JAMES THOMSON.

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ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;
SPEAKER of the HOUSE OF COMMONS.



The ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Address to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reaping. A tale. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the late part of AUTUMN: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains, and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shine day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.



A U T U M N.



ROWN'D with the fickle, and the
wheaten sheaf,

While *Autumn*, nodding o'er the
yellow plain,

Comes jovial on ; the doric reed once more,
Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd *Spring* 5
Put in white promise forth ; and *Summer-Suns*
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.



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Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow ! the muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy conduct glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year ; 24
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting *Summer*, a serener blue,

With

A U T U M N.

7

With golden light irradiate, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise, 28
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below,
 Unbounded harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky; 36
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gayly checker'd, wide-extended view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Convolv'd, and tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings *Industry!* rough Power!
 Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45

A 4

And

And all the soft civility of life:
 Raifer of human kind! by *Nature* cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various powers of deep efficiency 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of *Bounty* scatter'd o'er the savage year.
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey; or for his acron-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the red north, 60
 With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65
 Of

Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days 70
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along;

A waste of time! till *Industry* approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish *Nature* the directing hand 80

Of *Art* demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 85

Gave the tall antient forest to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 90

Or

Or bright in glossy filk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd, to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit;
 Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity; 95
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 By hardy patience, and experience flow,
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view, 100
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full, 105
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*;
 For this devis'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated Arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set

Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still 110
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life 115
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rose; 119
 And stretching street on street by thousands led,
 From twining woody haunts, and the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
 'Twas nought but labour, the whole dusky groupe
 Of clustering houses, and of mingling men,
 Restless design, and execution strong. 125
 In every street the founding hammer ply'd
 His massy task; while the corrosive file,
 In flying touches, form'd the fine machine.

Then

Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk
 The busy Merchant ; the big ware-house built ; 130
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty ; and on thee, thou *Thames*,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,
 Seiz'd for his grand resort. On either hand, 135
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the footy hulk
 Steer'd fluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around, 140
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the *British* thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main. 145

Then

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
His ample roof; and *Luxury* within
Pour'd out her glittering stores. The canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose. The statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch 151
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of *Industry*; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive *Winter* chear'd by him 155
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy *Spring*.
Without him *Summer* were an arid waste;
Nor to th' *autumnal* months could thus transmit
These full, mature, immeasurable stores, 161
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand, 165
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While, bandied round and round, the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest 171
 Fly hearty, to deceive the tedious time,
 And chearly steal the fultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the flocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft this way and that 175
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husband-men! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth, 180
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How

How good the *God* of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind 184
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth. 190
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and *Heaven*,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, lost far up
Amid the windings of a woody vale; 195
Safe from the cruel, blasting arts of man;
Almost on *Nature's* common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose, 200
When

When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground deject, and darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the stories that her mother told, 206
 Of what her faithless fortune flatter'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs, 210
 Veil'd in a simple robe; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse among the woods; if city-dames 215
 Will deign their faith. And thus she went compell'd
 By strong necessity, with as serene,
 And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,
 To glean *Palæmon's* fields. The pride of swains
Palæmon was, the generous, and the rich, 220
 Who

Who led the rural life in all its joy,
And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
Transmits from antient, incorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
And free to follow nature was the mode. 225

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze. 230

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn, 236
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

B

What

What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, and harmonious shap'd, 240
 Where sense sincere, and goodness seem'd to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,
 Of old *Acasto's* line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life, 245
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 I've heard that, in some waste obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride, 250
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live;
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend, 256
 The

The bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
 The mingling passion that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er, 261
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just, 265
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then *Acasto*'s dear remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend, 270
 Alive, his every feature, every look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than spring!
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,
 In what unsmiling desert, hast thou drawn 275

The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 Into such beauty spread? and blown so white?
 Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.
 O let me now, into a richer soil, 280
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores, 285
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task; 290
 With harvest shining all these fields are thine;
 And, if my wishes may presume so far,
 Their master too, who then indeed were blest,
 To make the daughter of *Acasto* so. 295

Here

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm 300
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate; 305
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair; 309
Who flourish'd long in mutual bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The fultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir 315
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells;
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere, 320
 Impetuous rushes o'er the founding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm, 325
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' plyant to the blast, its seizing force; 330
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

Shook

Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The glomerating tempest grows, and still 335
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Ly sunk, and flatted, in the fordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks 340
 The river lift; before whose weighty rush,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
 In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year. 345
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round, 349
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train

Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance, and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad, 355
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains, 360
 And all-involving winds have swept away,

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the muse to sing the *rural game*.
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck, 365
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the fun the circling covey bask 369
 Their varied plumes, watchful, and every way
 Thro'

Thro' the rough stubble turn'd the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their useless wings, intangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air, 374
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them else dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind. 380

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain her spotless theme with such ;
 Then most delighted, when she smiling sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her, 385
 This falsely chearful, barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd

Urg'd by necessity, had roam'd the dark; 390
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate rage 394
 Of the worst monster that e'er howl'd the waste,
 For sport alone takes up the cruel tract,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days,
 Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd, 400
 To laugh at anguish, and rejoice in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare!
 Shook from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furz, 405
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick, intangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;

The

The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank, 410
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew 416
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd, fullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads 420
The fighting gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, varions; the shrill horn,
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all 426
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The

The Stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first in speed, 430
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, fear-arous'd,
 Gives all his swift, aerial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening, murderous cry behind.
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds 435
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract
 Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again 440
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing fees
 The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy. 446

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
 With quick consent, avoid th' infectious maze. 450
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant soul, inspire no more
 The fainting course; but wrenching, breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair. 455
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous checquer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough: But if the silvan youth 460
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lyon, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof. 465

Slunk

Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
 Viudictive fix, for murder is his trade :
 And, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins near destruction, to the monster's heart 470
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These *Britain* knows not; give, ye *Britons*, then
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
 Loose on the fly destroyer of the flock.
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue. 476
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood 480
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph found sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echo tost;

Then

Then snatch the mountains by their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between, 487
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.

For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile 490
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
At once tore, merciless. Thrice happy he!

At hour of dusk, while the retreating horn 495
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils; 501
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense 505
 From side to side; on which, with fell intent,
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of *England's* glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals, 510
 If stomach keen can intervals allow;
 Relating how it ran, and how it fell.
 Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, reviving as the breath 516
 Of *Maia*, to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown october, drawn, 520
 Mature, and perfect, from his dark retreat

Of

Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, nor asham'd
 To vie it with the vineyard's best produce.
 Perhaps a while, amusive, thoughtful Whisk 525
 Walks gentle round, beneath a cloud of smoak,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The founding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust. 530

At last these puling idleneffes laid
 Aside, frequent, and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch 535
 Indulg'd askew; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferate at once by twenty tongues, 540

Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
To church, or mistress, politicks, or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex.

Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart.
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 546
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse goes round ;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again. 550

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, falls murmuring towards morn ;
So their mirth gradual sinks. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Ly quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes, 555
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the fun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding sweet, they drop. O'erturn'd above
Lies the wet, broken scene ; and stretch'd below,
Each way, the drunken slaughter ; where astride 560

The lubber Power himself triumphant fits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And sleeps them, silent all, in sleep till morn.

But if the rougher sex by this red sport
 Are hurry'd wild, let not such horrid joy 565
 E'er stain the bosom of the *British Fair*.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire, 570
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 Made up of blushes, tenderness, and fears,
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 575
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,

To their protection more engaging man. 580
O may their eyes no miserable fight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 585
And fashion'd all to harmony, alone,
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from the radiant lip;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm, 590
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To play the pencil, turn th' instructive page;
To give new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life; 596
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,

With

80 With every kinder, care-elusive art, 600
 To raise the glory, animate the joys,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life;
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

85 Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank; 605
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the cluster'd nut for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 Or, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown, 615
 As are the ringlets of *Melinda's* hair:
Melinda form'd with every grace compleat,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy, joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 620
Of *Autumn*, unconfin'd; and vital taste
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower,
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 625
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
In species different, but in kind the same,
By *Nature's* all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air, 630
In ever-changing composition mixt.
So fares it with those wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 635
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:

Thy

Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, facetious bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 640
 With *British* freedom sing the *British* song;
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 645

In this glad season, while his last, best beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green, majestic walks
 Of, *Dodington*! thy seat, serene, and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 650
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood;
 Here rich with harvest; and there white with flocks.
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 655
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;

New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the muses seat;
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk 660
 They twine the bay for thee. Here oft alone,
 Fir'd by the thirst of thy applause, I court
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
 Of *Nature*, ever-open; aiming thence,
 Heart-taught like thine, to learn the moral song.
 And, as I steal along, the sunny wall,
 Where *Autumn* basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My theme still urges in my vagrant thought;
 Presents the downy peach; the purple plumb,
 With a fine blueish mist of animals 670
 Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her clusters, swelling to the south;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 675

Turn we a moment *Fancy's* rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard heaves refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the gravid boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew. 686
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh. 691
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,

Round

Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy: 695
The Claret smooth, deep as the lip we press,
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the bright Champaign. 700

Now by the cool, declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides; 705
And deep betwixt contending kingdoms lays
The rocky, long division; while aloft,
His piny top is, lessening, lost in air:
No more his thousand prospects fill the view
With great variety; but in a night 710
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,
Sink dark, and total. Nor alone immerst;
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.

Vanish

Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and flow, to rowl the misty wave. 715

Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life, 720

Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste,
The shepherd stalks gigantick. Till at last
Wreath'd close around, in deeper circles still
Successive floating, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,
A formless, grey confusion covers all. 726

As when of old (so sung the *hebrew* bard)
Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His endless train forth from the dubious gloom. 730

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoak along the hilly country, these,

With

With mighty rains, the skill'd in nature say,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those grand reserves
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks; 735
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing stores the rivers draw.
 But is this equal to the vast effect?
 Is thus the *Volga* fill'd? the rapid *Rhine*?
 The broad *Euphrates*? all th' unnumber'd floods,
 That large refresh the fair-divided earth;
 And, in the rage of summer, never cease
 To send a thundering torrent to the main?

What tho' the sun draws from the steaming deep
 More than the rivers pour? How much again, 745
 O'er the vex'd surge, in bitter-driving showers,
 Frequent returns, let the wet sailor say:
 And on the thirsty down, far from the burst
 Of springs, how much, to their reviving fields,
 And feeding flocks, let lonely shepherds sing.
 But sure 'tis no weak, variable cause, 751
 That

That keeps at once ten thousand thousand floods,
Wide-wandering o'er the world, so fresh, and clear,
For ever flowing, and for ever full.

And thus some sages, deep-exploring, teach: 755

That, where the hoarse, innumerable wave,
Eternal, lashes the resounding shore;

Suck'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way,

The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;

Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 760

They leave each saline particle behind,

And clear, and sweeten, as they soak along.

Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,

Tho' here and there in lowly plains it springs,

But to the mountain courted by the sand, 765

That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,

Far from the parent-main, it boils again

Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill

Is bright with spouting rills. The vital stream

Hence, in its subterranean passage, gains, 770

From the wash'd mineral, that restoring power,

And

And salutary virtue, which anew
 Strings every nerve, calls up the kindling soul
 Into the healthful cheek, and joyous eye :
 And whence, the royal maid, *Amelia* blooms 775
 With new-flush'd graces; yet reserv'd to bless,
 Beyond a crown, some happy prince; and shine,
 In all her mother's matchless virtues drest,
 The *Carolina* of another land.

While *Autumn* scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play 781
 The swallow-people; and toft wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats. Rejoycing once,
 E're to their wintry flumbers they retire; 785
 In cluſters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where the cavern ſweats, as ſages dream.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months 790

Invite

Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong, 795
Unconquerable hand of *Liberty*,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, e're they take
Their plummy voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose, 800
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds. 805

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge

Pours

Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there 810
 Are annual made? What nations come and go?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And white resounding shore are one wild cry:

Here the plain, harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 816
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up 820
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here a while the muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees *Caledonia*, in romantic view:
 Her airy mountains, from the gelid main, 825
 Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,

Incult, robust, and tall, by *Nature's* hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth 830
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, tranfluent, brimming flood
Wafh'd lovely, from the *Tweed*, pure parent-ftream,
To where the north-inflated tempeft foams
O'er *Orca*, or *Betubium's* higheft peak. 835
Nurfe of a people, in misfortune's fchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; foon vifited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
She took her western flight. A generous race
Of unsubmitting fpirit, wife, and brave, 840
Who ftill thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
To hold a haplefs, undiminifh'd ftate;
Too much in vain! Hence of ignoble bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life 845
Has flow'd profufe, their piercing genius plan'd,
And fwell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.

As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd, 851
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul!
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain? 855
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on, 860
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering, finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port, 865
Unchalleng'd, round the sea-incircled globe;

And

And thus united *Britain Britain* make
Intire, th' imperial *Mistress* of the deep.

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots, and her heroes sprung, 871
Thy fond, imploring country turns her eye:
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her politest turn, 875
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field,
While thick around the deadly tempest flew.
And when the trumpet, kindling war no more, 880
Pours not the flaming squadrons o'er the field;
But, fruitful of fair deeds, and mutual faith,
Kind peace unites the jarring world again;
Let the deep olive thro' thy laurels twine.
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue

Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate : 886
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind, 890
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she felt the friend like thee.

But see the fading, many-colour'd woods, 895
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan, declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the *Season* in its latest view. 901

Mean-time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave

Stands

Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current : while illumin'd wide, 905
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the fun,
And thro' their uvid pores his temper'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things; 910
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise, 915
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the fadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil,
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse. 920
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late

Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering fit
 On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock! 925
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note,
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm, 930
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey!
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

The pale, descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove, 935
 Oft starting such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy ruin streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale, 941

Roll

Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree; 946
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the *Power*
 Of *philosophic Melancholy* comes! 950
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a secret pang, declare.
 O'er all his soul his sacred influence breathes; 955
 In all the bosom triumphs, all the nerves;
 Inflames imagination; thro' the sense
 Infuses every tenderness; and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such 960

As never mingled with the Vulgar's dream,
Croud fast into the mind's creative eye.

As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment. 965

The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief
Of human kind; the large, ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
Loft in obscurity; th' indignant scorn
Of mighty pride; the fearless, great resolve; 970
The wonder that the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' arousing pant for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the social offspring of the heart. 975

Oh bear me then to vast, embowering shades!
To twilight groves, and visionary vales!
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms!
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,

Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along; 980
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-founding, seize th' enthusiastic ear.

And now the western sun withdraws the day;
And humid evening, gilding o'er the sky, 984
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
Th' ascending vapour throws. Where waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east. 991
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
(Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And oceans roll, as optic tube describes)
A lesser earth gives all his blaze again, 995
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.

Wide

Wide the pale deluge floats; and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale, 1000
 While rocks, and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when, half-blotted from the sky, her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn, 1005
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
 Or quite extinct, her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly, beamless white;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots, ensweeping first 1010
 The lower skies, then all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light. 1015

From

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The *Pannic* runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array,
Throng with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
Till the long lines of full-extended war 1020
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rowls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks 1025
Of blood and battle ; cities over-turn'd,
And, late at night, in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or painted hideous with ascending flame ;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and every great distress ; 1030
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,

And

And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he 1035
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A solid shade, immense. Sunk in the gloom 1040
 Magnificent, and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of Light, to kindle, and create the whole. 1045
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall. 1050
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze, 1055
Now sunk and now renew'd, he's quite absorpt,
Rider and horse into the miry gulph:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times, 1060
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford. 1065

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last *Autumnal* day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam, 1070
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
 Lies the still heaving hive; at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night, 1075
 And whelm'd o'er sulphur: while, undreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending publick cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark, oppressive steam ascends; 1081
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this ye roam'd the spring, 1085
 Intent from flower to flower? for this ye toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away?
 For this in *Autumn* search'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long, 1090
 Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,

Await-

Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow? and in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds; 1095
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
Hard by, the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state 1100
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous, and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre, or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is seiz'd 1105
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurld,
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue, sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
In-

Infinite splendor! wide investing all.

How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.

How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch 1115

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd

The radiant sun how gay! how calm below

The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all

Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,

Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up; 1120

And instant *Winter* bid to do his worst.

While loose to festive joy, the country round

Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,

Care shook away. The toil-invigorate youth,

Not needing the melodious impulse much, 1125

Leaps wildly graceful, in the lively dance.

Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,

Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,

Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye

Points an approving smile, with double force, 1130

The

The cudgel rattles, and the struggle twists.
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoyce ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round. 1135

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the *rural life*. 1139
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd,
 Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold, 1145
 The pride, and gaze of fools ! oppresses him not.
 What tho' from utmost land, and sea, purvey'd,
 For him each rarer, tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps

E

With

With luxury, and death. What tho' his wine 1150
 Flows not from brighter gems; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night;
 Or, thoughtless, sleeps at best in idle state.
 What tho' depriv'd of these fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive; 1155
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all.
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, 1160
 In herbs, and fruits; whatever greens the *Spring*,
 When heav'n descends in show'rs; or bends the bough,
 When *Summer* reddens, and when *Autumn* beams;
 Or in the *Wintry* glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap; 1165
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere

Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, 1170
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too lives simple truth; plain innocence;
Unfully'd beauty; sound, unbroken youth, 1175
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood, in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy, 1181
Rush into blood; the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some far-distant from their native soil, 1185
Urg'd, or by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let This thro' cities work his ardent way,

By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and That ferment 1190
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let These
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right, 1195
 An iron race! and Those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 And slippery pomp delight, in dark cabals;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state. 1200
 While He, from all the stormy passions free,
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states 1205
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To *Nature's* voice attends, from day to day,
 And month to month, thro' the revolving *Year*;

Admiring, sees her in her every shape: 1210

Feels all her fine emotions at his heart;

Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He, when young *Spring* protrudes the bursting gems,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale

Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours 1215

He quite enjoys; and not a beauty blows,

And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.

In *Summer* he, beneath the living shade,

Such as from frigid *Tempe* wont to fall,

Or *Hæmus* cool, reads what the muse, of these

Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung; 1221

Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye

Shot round, rejoyces in the vigorous year.

When *Autumn's* yellow lustre gilds the world,

And tempts the sickled swain into the field, 1225

Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends

With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams

Deep-musing, then the best exerts his song.

Even *Winter* wild to him is full of bliss.

The

The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste, 1230
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' astonish'd eye.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure, 1235
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land, and sea, imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns. 1240

The touch of love, and kindred too he feels,
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Extatic shine; the little, strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth 1245
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness, and true philosophy
Still are, and have been of the smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt, 1250
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
Led by primæval ages, incorrupt,
When *God* himself, and *Angels* dwelt with men!

Oh *Nature* ! all-sufficient ! over all !
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works ! 1255
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,
Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep 1260
Light my blind way : the mineral *Strata* there ;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that rising system, more complex,
Of animals ; and higher still, the mind, 1264
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !

But

But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbids 1270
That best ambition ; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin,
Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my song ;
And let me never, never stray from *Thee* ! 1275

The E N D.





WINTERS



WINTER.

Marble Statues in the Garden of Versailles 7 foot high.

WINTER, ⁴₁

A

POEM;

A

HYMN

ON THE

SEASONS:

A

POEM to the MEMORY of
Sir ISAAC NEWTON;

AND

BRITANNIA, a POEM.

By JAMES THOMSON.

L O N D O N:

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The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to Lord WILMINGTON. First approach of WINTER. According to the natural order of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a Man perishing among them. A short digression into RUSSIA. The wolves in ITALY. A winter-evening described, as spent by Philosophers; by the Country, People; in the City. Frost. Its effects within the polar circle. Athaw. The whole concluding with philosophical reflections on a future state.





WINTER.



EE *Winter* comes, to rule the varied

^{[year,} Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train,

Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be ^{[these my theme,}

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,

And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!

Cogenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot, 6

Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,

When nurs'd by careless *Solitude* I liv'd,

And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,

Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure; 11

Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep, fermenting tempest brew'd
 In the red evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and smil'd

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The muse, O *Wilmington*! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving *Year* ;
 Skim'd the gay *Spring* ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the *Summer*-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er *Autumn* with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the *Wintry* clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 For thee the Graces smooth ; thy softer thoughts
 The Muses tune ; nor art thou skill'd alone 31

In awful schemes, the management of states,
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness ; sound integrity ;
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul, 35
 Amid a sliding age ; and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
 A steady spirit, regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; and, the publick hope 40
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

When *Scorpio* gives to *Capricorn* the sway,
 And fierce *Aquarius* fouls th' inverted year ;
 Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun 45
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air ; as at dull distance seen,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 51

Wide-

Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time, in fable cincture, shadows vast, 55
 Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of Heaven
 Involve the face of things. Thus *Winter* falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 'Thro' nature shedding influence malign, 60
 And rouses all the seeds of dark disease.
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with horrid views. The cattle droop
 The conscious head ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 66
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;
 And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
 Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure 74
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour vile ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up 80
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The Cattle from th' untasted fields return, 85
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household, feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train, 89
Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolick : much he talks,

And

And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erspread, 96
At last the rous'd-up river pours along,
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
'Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 101
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts away,
Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 105
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose continual hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
'That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 111

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye subtil beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd, 115
Against the day of tempest perilous?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks
Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds 120
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising flow,
Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her sully'd orb.
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray; 125
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and, screaming wild,
The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice, 130
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.

Then

Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,
 And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air
 O'erturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep. 136

Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce, conflicting brine
 Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.

Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds,
 And in broad billows rolling gather'd seas, 141

Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,

And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,

Wild as the winds athwart the howling waste

Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave 145

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,

The full-blown *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath

Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course, 150

And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,

Or sand insidious break not their career,

And

And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,
To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff, 155
Where screams the sea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,
Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.

The mountain growls; and all its flurdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast, 160
The dark, way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs. 166
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base. 170
Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.

Then

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky faddens with the gather'd storm. 210
'Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. Sudden the fields
Put on their winter-robe, of purest white. 215
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,
Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
Bow their hoar Heads. And, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill, 220
Is one wild, dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around 224
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
That Providence allows. 'The Red-breast sole,
Wisely regardful of th'embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
His annual visit pays. New to the dome 230

Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth, and hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the smiling *Family* askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crums 235
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind 241
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig for the whither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 246
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains

In

In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, 251
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms ; till upwards urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tript with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 255

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain : 261
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the white abrupt ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray :
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 265
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth ^{[home}
 In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd 270

His

His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract, and blest abode of man:
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild. 276

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless boggs; of precipices huge, 280

Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen eye,

In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,

Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, 286

Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,

Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots

Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares 291

The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling rack, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 295
 Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,
 The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold, 299
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 305
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood, 309
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.

How

How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 315

Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, 319

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.

Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rackt with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand 326

Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
Like wailing pensive ghosts awaiting theirs,
And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life, 331

One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,

Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And his wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 336
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous few, 340
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive sought
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans ;
 Where Sickness pines ; where Thirst and Hunger
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice. 345
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street, and public meeting glows
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd : 348
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe ;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ;
 The free-born *Briton* to the dungeon chain'd,

Or,

Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd, 353
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by various nameless ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
Hail patriot-band ! who, scorning secret scorn,
When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,
Dragg'd the detected monsters into light, 359
Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod,
And bade the cruel feel the pains they gave.
Yet stop not here, let all the land rejoice,
And make the blessing unconfined, as great.
Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd. 365
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
Oh glorious were the day ! that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right. 370

Yet more outrageous is the season still,
A deeper horror, in *Siberian* wilds ;

Where

Where *Winter* keeps his unrejoicing court,
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule
 'Of driving tempest is for ever heard. 375
 There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow,
 Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd and sourer as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow ; 380
 And, scorning the complainings of distress,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.
 While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste,
 On sleds reclin'd, the furry *Russian* sits ;
 And, by his rain-deer drawn, behind him throws
 A shining kingdom in a winter's day. 386

Or from the cloudy *Alps*, and *Appenine*,
 Capt with grey mists, and everlasting snows ;
 Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,
 And from the leaning rock, on either side, 390
 Gush out those streams that classic song renowns :
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !

Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along, 395
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away. 400
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze, 405
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig 410
The shrowded body from the tomb ; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they
[howl.

Now

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of *Winter*, while without
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat, 415
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,
 Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
 To chase the cheerless gloom. 'There let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead ;
 Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd, 422
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass 427
 Before my wondering eyes. — First *Socrates*,
 Whose simple question to the folded heart
 Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought
 Evolv'd the secret truth — a god-like man! 431
Solon the next, who built his common-weal

On equity's wide base. *Lycurgus* then,
 Severely good; and him of rugged *Rome*,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons. 435
Cimon sweet-soul'd, and *Aristides* just;
 With that attemper'd * *Hero*, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
 Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in extreme.
Scipio, the human warrior, gently brave; 440
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,
 With friendship, and philosophy, retir'd.
 And, equal to the best, the † *Theban* twain,
 Who, single rais'd their country into fame. 445
 Thousands behind, the boast of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 But see who yonder comes! in sober state, 450
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:

* *Timoleon*.

† *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*.

'Tis *Phæbus* self, or else the *Mantuan* swain!
 Great *Homer* too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and equal by his side,
 The *British* muse ; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 456
 Nor absent are those tuneful Shades, I ween,
 Taught by the Graces, whose enchanting touch
 Shakes every passion from the various string ;
 Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene. 460

First of your kind ! society divine !
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 465
 Save *Lycidas* the friend, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the muses' hill will *Pope* descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile, 470
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :

For

For tho' not sweeter his own *Homer* sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd: 476
With them would search, if this unbounded frame
Of nature rose from unproductive night,
Or sprung eternal from th' *eternal Cause*,
Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end. 480
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would gradual open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite,
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Thence would we plunge into the moral world;
Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 487
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In universal good. Historic truth
Should next conduct thro' the deeps of time:
Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell, 491

In

In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd, 495
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress 500
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope, 505
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 And when with these the serious soul is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes

Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form 513
Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,
Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense
Into the mind, unbounded without space :
The great, the new, the beautiful ; or mix'd,
Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay ;
Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,
Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 520

Mean-time the village rouzes up the fire ;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round : 526
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep : 530
The leap, the flap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
Of

Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 536
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace, 540
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink,
 Rises the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;
 The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes, 545
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, thick as insects in the summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

○ Dread o'er the scene the ghost of *Hamlet* stalks;
Othello rages; poor *Monimia* mourns; 550

And

And *Belvidera* pours her soul in love.
 Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the *comic Muse*
 Holds to the world the picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh. 555

Clear frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies:
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life. 560
 Close crowds the shiing atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter fallies darting to the brain; 565
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of *Winter*, only to the thoughtless eye
 In desolation seen. The vacant globe 570
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,

And

And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A strong glow sits on the lively cheek

Of ruddy fire : and luculent along

The purer rivers flow ; their fullen deeps, 575

Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze,

And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost ? and whence are thy keen
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power, ^[stores]

Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ? 580

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,

Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd

Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense

Thro' water, earth and ether ? Hence at eve,

Steam'd eager from the red horizon round, 585

With the still rage of *Winter* deep suffus'd,

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool

Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career

Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,

Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,

Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank 591

Fast

Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm ; till seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole detrudd river growls below. 595

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief ;
The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze, and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the many sounding plain 601

Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole. 605

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on ;

Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night : 611

Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
 The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd ; 616
 Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 620
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest, 626
 Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view
 The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake
 And long canal the cerule plain extend,
 The city pours her thousands, swarming all, 630
 From every quarter : and, with him who slides ;
 Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,

In circling poise; or else disorder'd falls,
His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,
While the laugh rages round; from end to end,
Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene. 636

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff. 640
The mountain still his azure gloss maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd, 645
Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around,
Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year, 650
Distress the footed, or the feather'd game.

But what is this ? these infant tempests what ?
 The mockery of *Winter* : should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone ;
 Where more than half the joyless year is night ;
 And, failing gradual, life at last goes out. 656
 There undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
 And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar, 660
 Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.
 Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore,
 And into various shapes (as fancy leans) 667
 Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,
 Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome
 Shoots fretted up ; and birds, and beasts, and men,
 Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns. 671

The

The restless deep itself cannot resist
 The binding fury ; but in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd, 675
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice, 680
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * *Briton's* fate,
 As with first prow, (What have not *Britons* dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since 686
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship 690

* Sir *Hugh Willoughby*, sent by Queen *Elizabeth* to discover the north-east passage.

Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live;
 And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun, 696
 (That rears and ripens man, as well as plants)
 Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous chear, 700
 They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Lie the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till long-expected morning looks at length 705
 Faint on their fields (where *Winter* reigns alone)
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice
 Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,
 Gradual,

Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw. 710

Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 715

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,
That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;

But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave —
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts, 721
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

Ill fares the bark, the wretch's last resort,
That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle, 725

While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:

Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,

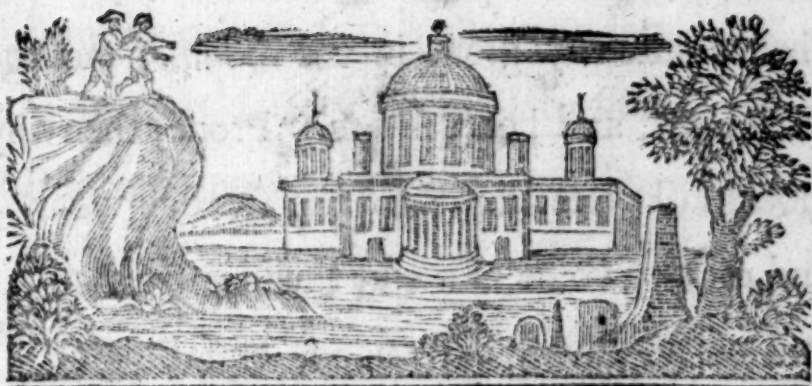
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice, 730
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
 And his unwieldy train, in horrid sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd brine ; while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore, 736
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet *Providence*, that ever-waking eye,
 Looks down with pity on the fruitless toil 740
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! — dread *Winter* has subdu'd the year,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the desert plains.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies ! 745
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His solitary empire. Here, fond man !
 Behold thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer's* ardent strength,
 Thy

Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age, 750
 And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? 755
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life? ^{(thoughts,}
 All now are vanish'd! *Virtue* sole survives,
 Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,
 His guide to happiness on high. — And see! 760
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme, 765
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that *Power*, 770
 And

And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 'And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd, 775
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay prompting his low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
 'And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain, 780
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,
 And what you reckon evil is no more; 785
 The storms of *Wintry time* will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

The E N D

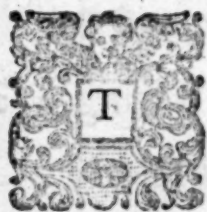


A

H Y M N

ON THE

S E A S O N S.



THESE, as they change, *Almighty Fa-*
ther! these,

Are but the *varied God.* The rolling
Year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*

Thy Beauty walks, Thy *Tenderness* and Love.

Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5

Echo the mountains round; the forests live;

And

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the *Summer*-months,
With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year. 10

And oft thy voice in awful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines
In *Autumn* unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,
Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower 16

Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,
Into the stores of sterile *Winter* pours.

In *Winter* dreadful *Thou*! with clouds and storms
Around *Thee* thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing, 21
Riding sublime, *Thou* bid'st the world be low,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train, 25
Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,

On the SEASONS.

45

One following one in such enchanting fort,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming such a perfect whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still. 30
But wondering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks *Thee* not, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the *Spring* ; 35
Flings from the sun direct the *flaming Day* ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the *Tempest* forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ; join every living soul, 40
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
An universal *Hymn* ! to *Him*, ye gales,
Breathe soft ; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.
Oh talk of *Him* in solitary glooms ! 45
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine

Fills

Fills the brown void with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 48

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous song; and say from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;

And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

Along the vale; and thou, majestic main, 55

A secret world of wonders in thyself,

Sound His tremendous praise; whose greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to *Him*; whose sun elates, 60

Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints

Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to *Him*:

Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

Homeward, rejoycing with the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep 65

Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,

Ye constellations, while your angles strike,

Amid

On the SEASONS.

47

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy creator, ever darting wide, 70
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks, 75
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye vallies, raise; for the *great Shepherd* reigns;
And yet again the golden age returns.
Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;
But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar. 80
Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet *Philomela*, charm
The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour,
Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note; 86
That night, as well as day, may vouch His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;

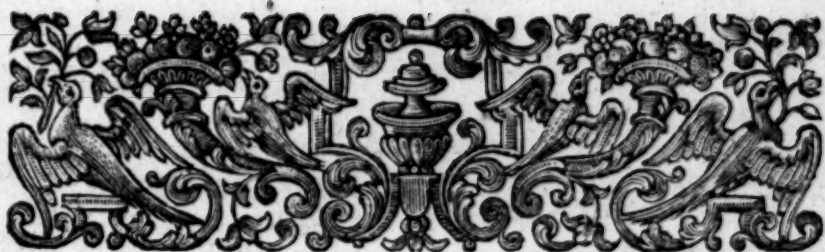
At

At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
 Crown the great *Hymn!* in swarming cities vast,
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join 91
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling frame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven. 95
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 To find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the *God of Seasons*, as they roll. 100
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the *Blossom blows*, the *Summer-Ray*,
 Ruffles the plain, delicious *Autumn* gleams;
 Or *Winter* rises in the reddening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat. 106

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,

Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam 110
Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles ; 'tis nought to me ;
Since *God* is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;
Rolls the same kindred *Seasons* round the world,
In all apparent, wise, and good in all ; 115
Since *He* sustains, and animates the whole ;
From seeming evil still educes good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. — But I lose
Myself in *Him*, in light ineffable ! 120
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

The E N D.



A

P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*.



HALL the great Soul of *Newton* quit
this earth,

To mingle with his stars; and every muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?

D 2

But

But what can man? — Even now the sons of light,
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre, 6
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.

Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
 Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire 10
 In Nature's general symphony to joyn.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest!
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
 Clouded in dust, from *Motion's* simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of *Providence*, 15
 Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the *Suns*,
 And *Planets* to their spheres! th' unequal task
 Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring Man the year, and oft disgrac'd 20
 The pride of schools, before their course was known
 Full in its causes and effects to him,
 All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd

Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names; 25
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the *System* dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds 35
Of cruelty and Blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our *solar Round*
First gazing thro', he by the blended power 40
Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the *Moons*

To chear remoter planets numerous pour'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45
 He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
 Her every motion clear-discerning, He 50
 Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks
 And the full river turning; till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue Infinite; and every *Star*,
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyfs,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach

Blaz'd

Blaz'd into *Suns*, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system : all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

65

O unprofuse magnificence divine !
O *Wisdom* truly perfect ! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe compleat ! and, O belov'd
Of heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

70

75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
The *Comet* thro' the long Eliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

80

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling *Vortices*, and circling *Spheres*,
To their first great simplicity restor'd. 84

The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To keep at odds with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When *Newton* rose, our philosophic sun. 90

Th' aerial flow of *Sound* was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in.
Nor could the darting *Beam*, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95
Even *Light itself*, which every things displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind, 100

To

To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of *Parent-Colours*. First the flaming *Red*
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny *Orange* next ;
And next delicious *Yellow* ; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing *Green*. 105
Then the pure *Blue*, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light 110
Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow ;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain — Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new !

Did ever poet image ought so fair, 119
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook !

Or

Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
 Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
 Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
 How just, how beauteous the *refractive Law*.

The noiseless *Tide of Time*, all bearing down
 To vast Eternity's unbounded sea 126
 Where the green islands of the happy shine,
 He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involv'd
 Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
 His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
 His high discoveries sing? when but a few
 Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
 To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought, 135
 How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his *Devotion* swell'd
 Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,
 Whose

Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd University of things, 140
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that *Power*
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole.

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
All un-with-held, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys, 155
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
This, *Conduit*, from thy rural hours we hope;
As thro' the pleasing shade, where Nature pours

To the MEMORY *of*

Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk ; 160
The social passions smiling at thy heart,
That glows with all the recollected sage.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege 165
Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air ? 170

But hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world — “ ’Tis done ! — The
“ *measure's full ;*
“ *And I resign my charge.* — Ye mouldering stones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud 175
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd

By _____

By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
 Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast
 While *Newton* lifts his column to the skies, 180
 Beyond the waste of time — Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 And Elegiac song. But *Newton* calls 185
 For other notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

O *Britain's* boast! whether with angels thou
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest, 191
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
 And grateful adoration, for that light 196

So

So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From *Light Himself*; Oh look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 200
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her *Genius* call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out 205
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

The E N D.

BRITANNIA.

A

P O E M.

Written in the Year 1719.

— *Et tantas audetis tollere Moles ?*

Quos Ego — sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Post mihi non simili Pœna commissa luetis.

Maturate fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro :

Non illi Imperium Pelagi; Sævumque Tridentem,

Sed mihi sorte datum. —

VIRG.



B R I T A N N I A.

A

P O E M.



S on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
 Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:
 Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
 'That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;
 Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe. 6
 Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow
 She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.

Nor

Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
 Nor ceas'd her fobs to murmur to the Main. 10
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her dove-like wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,
 Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the Queen
 Of nations spoke; and what she said the Muse
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

Even not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,
 Dawns on the sight, and wafts the *Royal Youth*,
 A freight of future glory to my shore;
 Even not the flattering view of golden days,
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20
 Beneath the *Parents*, and their endless line
 Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage;
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain War
 Despise my Navies, and my Merchants seize; 25
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
 The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:

E

Nor

Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.

Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?

This tame beseeching of rejected peace? 31

This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,

To generous *Britons* never known before?

And fail'd my Fleets for this; on *Indian* tides

To float, unactive, with the veering winds? 35

The mockery of war! while hot disease,

And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,

For action ardent; and amid the deep,

Inglorious, sunk them in a watry grave.

There now they lie beneath the rowling flood, 40

Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;

And back the weeping war-ship comes again,

Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd

Thus idly to review their native shore;

With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45

One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,

The violated Merchant comes along;

That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale

He drew, and sweat beneath Equator suns,

By

By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon 50
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign;
 Were once the *British* lyon heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,
 Dares rouse to wrath the Masters of the Main? 55
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoaky ruin? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60
 Or led the glittering prize into the *Thames*?

There was a time (Oh let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
 When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole heaven
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
 Gaily the splendid Armament along 67
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;

Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated war, 71
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.

But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75
With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.

Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the Northern Main
Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

Such, were the dawnings of my liquid reign ; 90
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Even in those troubled times, when dreadful *Blake*
Aw'd angry Nations with the *British* Name,
Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,
Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval arm. 95
Ah what must these immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts ? These, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace.
Ah how with indignation must they burn ? 100
(If ought, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)
With shame ? with grief ? to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled thro' many a toiling age. 105

Oh first of human blessings ! and supreme !
Fair *Peace* ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,

Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil . 110
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
 Trickling distils into the vernal glebe; 115
 Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
 When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
 When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
 And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
 When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120
 The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
 Oh, *Peace!* thou source, and soul of social life;
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence,
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 125
 Blest be the Man divine, who gives us Thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
 Into

Into the well-pil'd armory returns; 130

And, every vigour from the work of death,

To grateful industry converting, makes

The country flourish, and the city smile.

Unviolated, him the virgin sings;

And him the smiling mother to her train. 135

Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,

Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,

The husbandman of him, as at the plough,

Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,

Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;

And the full city, warm, from street to street, 141

And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.

Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends

Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;

Far as the breeze can bare the gifts of peace, 145

Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not *Peace*! the Patriot bear for thee?

What painful patience? What incessant care?

What mixt anxiety? What sleepless toil?

Even from the rash protested what reproach? 150

For he thy value knows; thy friendship he

To human nature: but the better thou,

The richer of delight, sometimes the more

Inevitable *War*, when ruffian force

Awakes the fury of an injur'd state. 155

Then the good easy man, whom reason rules;

Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence, nor harm,

Rouz'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,

With sharp, and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons

Of violence confounds; firm as his cause, 160

His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;

His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:

And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,

His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more

To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. 165

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more,

Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep

The least beginning injury receives? 168

What better cause can call your lightning forth?

Your

Your thunder wake? Your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd? 172
For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your Trade intire, intire the force,
And honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye. 176
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still: let none escape, 180
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lyon's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbring terrors of a *British* Fleet? 185
Then ardent rise! Oh great in vengeance rise;
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know. 190

This

This is your glory ; this your wisdom ; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,
That e'er was seated on the subject sea ;
A state, alone, where *Liberty* should live, 195
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown ;
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot 200
Strong into sturdy growth ; for this, your hearts
Swell with a fullen courage, growing still
As danger grows ; and strength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power, 205
Undangerous to the publick ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand :
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose and fell,
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where-e'er the wind your high behests can blow,

And

And fix it deep on this eternal base. 212

For should the sliding fabrick once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along, 215

Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.

And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thousand thousand Labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide 220

Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands

The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its antient tract 225

Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.

Not *Egypt*, were, her better heaven, the *Nile*
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach 230

Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash

An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain;

{ Whence

(Whence wond'ring fable trac'd him from the sky)
 Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
 On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year, 235
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
 Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted isle: her Princes sunk;
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust; 240
 Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
 With rapid wing her riches fled away;
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
 Of what she was; her Merchants scatter'd wide;
 Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets, 245
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
 The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waste Luxury impair
 That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
 And your own proper happiness creates! 250
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating plague

Creep

Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of *Liberty*; the high conception blast; 255
The noble sentiment, the impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good, erasing from the mind:
While nought save narrow Selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all 260
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total dissolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear, 265
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
The human being almost quite extinct;
And the whole state in broad Corruption sinks.
Oh shun that gulph: that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away 270
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,
The

The light of life! the sun of human kind!

Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow flame,

Even where the keen depressive North descends,

Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers! 275

While flavish Southern climates beam in vain.

And may a publick spirit from the *Throne*,

Where every Virtue sits, go copious forth

Live o'er the land! the finer Arts inspire; 279

Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,

Blow the fresh Breeze, bid Industry rejoice,

And the rough Sons of lowliest Labour smile.

As when, profuse of Spring, the loosen'd West

Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes 284

Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholly shores,

Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint

Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;

That let us roam; and where we find a spark

Of publick virtue, blow it into flame. 290

And now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet

In awful senate ; thither let us fly ;
Burn in the Patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth ; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round. 295

This said ; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale ; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye ; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave. 299

The E N D.



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